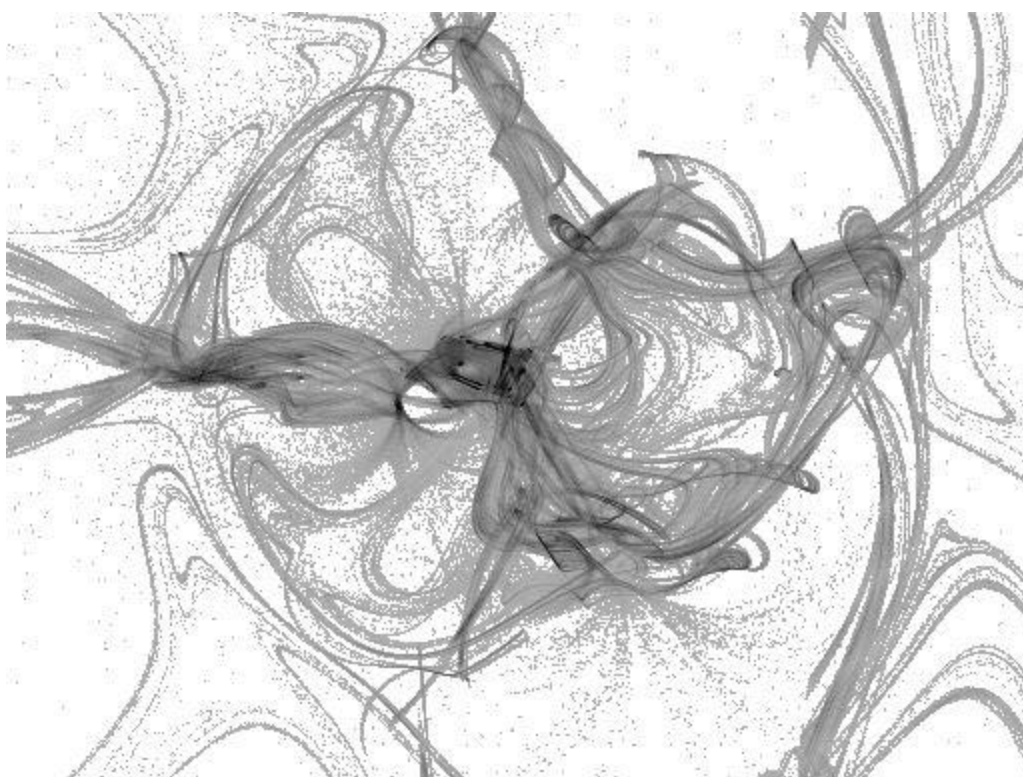


AMONG MY EYES

by

dan raphael



xPress(ed)

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How my House Fell

my house fell into a pucker of space time
and across the street or next door are at least an hours drive away
like a farm house in the middle of thousands of acres you can barely recognize from the highway.
how driving west, you congratulate yourself for the marathon of nebraska
only to be rendered unconscious by wyoming, not as long but so more hopeless,
sucking up every drop of momentum, sweat & possibility
when all you want to do is get out, get through the first vanguard of mountains
and into utah swept so clean, clenched so tight, it wants you to roll through,
is afraid to check our pockets

or we're deep in several concentric mazes of the city, like getting from the bronx to manhattan on foot,
or my friend whose address in taipei was avenue 57., alley 16, block 4, building 11, apt 203:

we're defined by the grid, refined by the sheering abscissas systems inadequate to drain everything away, our mass
attracting energy,

the commerce of isolation, the need to zip the door around you
like a sleeping bag, a sleeping bag that could support you in space for at least a week:

the time for someone to find me or for my various parts to vote on which dimension to escape to
and how many of them can access, who'll be left to talk about it,
locked in a silicon chip floating through space, the molecular bondage of memory
stronger than vacuum gravity cosmic rays or time

Still on Main Street

talking in the glisten of
 traffic in your skin so stale, drying
 ejecting tiny mirrors
 too light to fall
 if only a breeze to counter,
 encounter
 calming a street with fingers big as cars,
 smooth as cigarettes
 to touch is to massage
 how the eyes can wire
 not staring
 a trapeze of air
 a column baked in traffic
 as the moon comes by your door 3 times each morning
 walking the cat with seven fingers, with fur as smooth
 as a topographical map etched into the hoods of cars
 you can horde in your cheek.
 i've locked the key
 inside my skin
 i've sealed the street in an envelope and mailed it to you
 so i can follow it home
 like a dog on overtime
 like a finger almost on empty
 the way a radio on scan
 keeps rolling through the numbers
 'til someone decides to speak—
 from compassion or boredom or
 now can sing:
 the day's been silent--
 no cars have found the way
 to the keyhole in your throat

“Once a guy stood all day shaking bugs from his hair”
(Philip K Dick)

once a guy stood all day shaking bugs from his hair
on an abandoned stage inside a blimp box like a plywood heart
with its back turned toward traffic;;

a moon in my left hand, a steep river valley in my right
opened like an axed watermelon
taking out a wedge for a smile, taking a smile for a traffic signal for the colorblind

a woman stands all day drawing topographical maps of her ambitions

a dog stands all night growing legs that fall off, take root, offer promise.

cities grow when everyone is looking at their radios.

the tongue of a city
is a stage
in a theatre
in a matchbox
sulfur has never entered,

flame was never part of the deal:

we breed actors with mirrors instead of faces.
we make race cars with holographic wheels
so the streets they ride
are inside our veins outside our inventory.
when the therapist keeps asking the same question
transmitting to cable this pay-per-view interrogation

a television stands all day changing channels, pressing the remote control
flicking thoughts through passersby's brains:
i cant quite put my finger on
the word, the name, the location:

seeds hidden in the compost, the wisdom
in shredded newsprint, bank statements encrypted in the clouds
will stop my heart at a certain number, when the dow
is resonant with the frequency of
having so much money there must be several of me
to tear down the walls of malls, to fill the interstates
with 10 mile a gallon SUVs
that never get their tires dirty

i stood all day
cause the only chair
was electric

86,000 seconds fell from my head, sparked off nerve ends
fused & conned, sprouting in the light they feared
as so much information
they wouldnt remember
the task of their path, the identity theyd sing
in constant motion
jumping a molecule wide rope of pixels
mamboing in tenuous formation
to spark the follicles
sheeting aloft like borealis

so the new bugs
fed by cosmic rays,, so the new languages
native only to fiber optics, optical nerve monitors
editing what i thought i saw, living with random possibilities
and strictly budgeted parameters
coz im only allocated so much space
no matter how well compressed, no matter whats lost
to the algorithmic purity
of bringing back a story
anyone would change channels from in less than an exhale

fogging the screen, clogging the molecule-thin capillary
these brain cells hug like meat on a stick
thrust into the microwave flame of
im so excited i could eat myself--
i smell so foody, so restauranty,
i smell like the inside of my car at the drive up window.
i open my kitchen window
but no bag is handed to me;
i go to the bathroom window
but theres no menu, no speaker to take me, no gas pedal of transition

i exercise all day
to get small enough
to live inside the satellite dish
wet with the paint of recycled sit coms
i want to impress in every pore

**My son has a traumatic CAT scan; my best friend totals his '64 falcon;
the temperature hits 100 in June; & the human genome project is all over the media.**

(for orion)

we're bringing it back, we're crashing in our sweat, we're ants trying to get through a warehouse
honeycombed with compartments, sleeping capsules, mysterious spheres the opposite of breakfast,
department of lost lunch---- everybody tells a story about getting lost in someplace after it was closed
but how did we get there

manacled by the sun, blindfolded with promise of sugar, sugar mixed with DMSO
so it absorbs directly into the skin im a connoisseur of ozone, gauging the amplitude, whether its tube or circuit board,
slow burners, radios so full of music with no way to express, radio tuned to 20 stations at once
and sorting them out, weaving them into a cloak of possibilities

i was driving my spectrum through rush hour traffic, not in or among but through, as bicycles go between
everything, as bird turns inside out in its skin--for a moment it seems to be an oversized gelatinous ball--then vanishes
tho maybe you can feel a wing in your last molar, the solar molar fueled by the window in the back of your mouth,
one of three lenses implanted in your head, see the working brain

look from ear to ear,

let me inject this camera to record your dreams, cams in the bloodstream to monitor traffic taking 50 years to jam
or a body divided into 17 extensive tubes that stretch in non geographic ways

my life is so messed up because im actually a committee--
consensus is for quitters. if you agree you must not have enough information.
like when the mirror rises at dawn and the air is full of monkeys with large stock portfolios,
how much bad luck is it to jump into a mirror and have its million pieces incorporated into my being,
not like a wardrobe, tho body parts do drop off seasonally, something buds,
something returns from dimensional hibernation, like a self sustaining eco-model built in the 15th century:
all them antique hours, the resonance of plasmic butter which, under magnification, shows molecule sized beasts
of every continent---camels gorillas cicadas pythons---just a couple drops in the shot glass
to gleam the whiskey with a 100 penguins evaporating downward to reverse the fermentation
sprouting dead wheat before i can swallow,

in the future even school kids will make their own species,
so much cross-pollination, interbreeding, bodies with a plan, minds with hungry tools
could turn on you if you hold them with affection, the way a warm nights rain is absorbed in a half hour inhale
the way i can hide my vital organs for a couple hours and have all this space to smuggle in,
like theyre going to say "could you open your ribs sir"

and why am i driving
when i can just step across the country fast forward through all available nerve-taps--
saving all my overtime to buy a quiet weekend on a river bank where the nearest engine's impossible to hear
but i cant afford to take any of it home
curled inside my left arch,
a piece of information
waiting for an audience

“The teen age hacker programming the dream... the rapper sputtering
ebonics...the electric word outside this cultural exchange...welcome
the future, e-poet them vowels.”

harry nudel

every action requires a reaction,
to reach a new state, to redefine the borders and laws existing in the realm i pass through
daily / nightly / as the urge weaves
catching the bus using quantum routes—
it will be at one of six streets sometime during the hour,
(and if you find the bus you probably don't know where its going)

like biting into an electron without knowing what element its dependent on, orbiting the center
that died 2000 years ago, as if gravity left in 1492 and we havent realized it yet, in 1776, 1984
the meter is built by a mind who knows what it wants to meter

i packed up my bags
& went looking for a place to hide, a way to connect, a hide to pull in hundreds of channels, forgotten rituals
from isolated villages who worshipped icons made of rotted wood, who grew termites as pets
to create icons and provide the nitrogen rich pulp theyd slather over their naked bodies during hot summer sun

coming from a hundred years in the past to find the family farm paved over with an abandoned mall
going two hundred years in the past and finding you know nothing of value, cant recreate any future products or
remember enough particular history, maybe win some bets on elections, assuming survival & freedom
with strange clothes and no money, with a disproportionate body and a funny way of talking

a body with how many channels, each possible acupuncture point a broadcasting tower, a kilobyte of memory unskeining
from the protein your burger simulates, protein pounded wafer thin, cow chip technology
transformed by the esters in overheated rancid oil from we're not sure what source,
something hyper-drogenated or if you cant eat it you can wax your walls

everything that gets old must be reinvented, reengineered, reexamined into something it wasn't,
missing what weve never tasted, remembering what has never been
til we can teach dna to lie—we've already learned to confuse it, or to be fooled by its seeming innocence
in fitting in, as if its not already making plans for transformation
strawberry fish, peanut tomatoes, rockets powered by soybeans

it's a question of how much of the social, non-commercial you can melt away
and still be human, here in post cultural Americo,
where the rich are used to inter breeding, swallowing the occasional sport,
at least with them in charge we won't lose fucking,
fucking dominance, the FDA, the IMF,
get along little netheads, bait for the masters,, corroding our own back yards,
our houses compost faster than our bread,

turn left just before you black out, like a prayer you can utter
a millisecond before the artery bursts, that jump in a crashing plane, the fearlessness
of being shocked out of your body into your self:

Shining Mask

because each shining mask i cant
all of the computers whorls

takes an open breakfast
tracing meandering fence lines
or where is the middle of this muscle
the still point in any rotation

unimpeded harmonies broken like ancient glass
before we taught the fire to bark and roll over

a tree so complex it calendars--
held like a broom, hoisted in effervescence--
it only cost me one tooth

how a neighborhood mourns briefly, then returns to pudding
cleft on the left, the flip of a lip

a life in elision like silk across computer smoothed skin
when substance becomes math we no longer recognize
but want to grow towards
what we cant harmonize down to

when your only sufferings are your own imperfections

data cookies hawked by girl scouts spamming palm pilots
while inside the car inside the dog i become
when the horizon of job seems so distant
im bulging on an illusion, giddy as forgotten wheat
the oven itself made of grass bricks hypnotized into resistance

coz the sun i grow toward is the absence of direction
instead of the monochrome keening
we don't have to acknowledge blatantly
since each day we turn in every direction

just one pill gives you a full days dose of all 26 letters, all parts of speech
when you either have the right piece in the wrong size
or the right size in the wrong finish

still it runs

a 3 legged dog, a pack of grain wolfs
a flower in spite of its self, stalk fine as hair

the scalps of the alps

i thought it was a hat until it moved

Among my Eyes

soft light among my eyes
a textural vision i can feel my tongue around
this slowly dissolving sunscape floodied with aroma-memories
a restaurant for all the senses

exquisitely lubricated i swivel so spherically, so much in-coming
absorbed & clothed, the muscular landscape flexing in easy grace
so distance surrenders, an all-inclusive counterbalance

i could
a stand
so be

warm breeze rolling out of me
like a body-clock of velvet vapor

without saying
we agree in separate motions that weave collect emphasize
this harmonic diversity summarizing from may through spetember
a film-loop of fecundity heat & naked communication
rolling over on and through
what among a consensual blaze.

maplessly arriving to this instinctual destination
a welcome vacancy, a pleasing lack of development
the trees don't mind, the squirrels are eager to share
while ambient bird-texts blossoming aloft
punctuate the almost clouds unraveling in soothe and promise, in welcome
my dross dissolves, months of clothing crumble like just awakened sand
as the oceans morning orchestra blossoms continually

To Struggle with/

Because of Music

chopping across each car like a drum kit, each tree strung with coded bands--
you read their age spinning around the ladle, the label blurs into hesitation, like a waltz in thick liquid,
in liquid of densities manipulated like notes across a yard covered in white paper during a summer rain
of micron sized robins, the essence of turmoil digging among the soils, digging like a 100 acre fungus,
a fugue taking a year to circle back on itself, realizing the road doesn't stop at ocean or atmosphere edge

i'll have what the man on the floor is having , im flooring what cant respond,
leg muscles like committees taking up space and spinning so purely nothing is broken down,
the airs whipped in so you cant taste it , then stomped down with sad stories and bent coin,
dollarbills that want to curl into telescopes so they can see the future,
when money can spit

when i can get home in an instant
who will be there-- shroud clouds loud anonymice
i cross the room in 30 minutes in a 2 story circle, as the story tatters into style
you can see mutated money through, money for lessons, money for implants:
so hard to find a place swapping parts fairly

i do it for hydraulics, to unify with physics,
to see my basic laws, my indecipherable momentum
yearning for luminosity for lusciousness,
going into the warmest river between viscous bodies tuned to the earths belly
circling into the sun, the star hat,,

as if the stars are a cloud of gnats so stretched in time and size,
a cloud of gnats in some dead relatives red corpuscle
but nobody remembers

the dirt tread through our sieve skins, our sieve lungs,
theres gold in them thar livers

twang across the chemistry set
as if weather was a meal you encountered ceremoniously each day,
walking into weather, dreaming about complex environments blipping from one niche to the next,
an orchestral rain forest conducting in the jams, in the crotches,

with sustained moist electricity,
with a subtle sun plugging the amps of precipitation, arrows in every direction,
the beat deep in hunger.

if each hair has its own channel, if each head has its own satellite covering the earth
like a sheet of foil you can breath through, foil taking its percentage of the energy passing through,
like a broker; like a generous vampire; like time
you need to take by the root, by the wing, by the heart trying to teach the foot to fly

if ladders had wings if lungs could lift you above the urban mesh
you could capture the notes written by headlights, streetlights, people surging undetectable energy
over ther rim of the atmosphere

strung across the measure of streets and cross streets;
so many sequences, parts written for instruments not yet recognized:

the sewer lines fill up the bottom,
 the ambient percussion of backs hitting floors, walls, mattresses,,
 backs trying to kiss each other, to get the proper embouchure
 so when my spine unhinges it sends a tattered thick flurry of sounds down this hallway
 you'd think streets wouldn't yield for—could be 3 strides or 3 miles, depending on the tempo,
 depending in which key we've agreed to disagree
 and why each time we break
 every clock has begun a new song, each doorway is somewhere else
 each time my eyes circumoscillate available space, wave lengths in irregular sizes,
 a chord with the proper in-seam how the darts in my lungs expand like a mating grouse
 into prairies of thought balloons, samples, and things the microphone thinks of
 when it can't sleep
 wanting to join the corn on the other side of the Himalayas
 yak evaporate into drum heads,
 the moan in their marrow, the envy of distant meadows coming around like seasonal birds
 going higher than their wings could carry them, buffeting the sounds of other parts organs to hear,
 other conduits and wires want to complicate, to exchange resonance
 like a new body in vaguely remembered details
 like how can I dance with this gravity, with so many appendages,
 when I can't lift myself with desire
 when the music is bought or borrowed, illegal copies, poorly reproduced
 as each generation getting further from the source
 till even the raindrops are inaccessible, unable to plume the earth, to cascade from below us,
 as if we had roots spreading into some metaphorical planet, the planet of music, the planet of noise,
 where air is trying to tell us something, sell us something, make us change our inability to dance,
 to harmonise, to migrate like a minor chord, each flaked chord unique,
 each day a hair on the head bushy with all possible music

In Transition

caught in transition
spiraling like rainwater unable to avoid the grooved radials
squeezing clear between nights
a pointillistic curtain captured without gravity, lit from within
the one drop in the one mouth,
the frog in stasis
til the rain falls, the soil unable to paint,
a green message
unable to escape its bed until a knock from the right angle, a sharp left
against my temple, a throbbing like a third knee
the better to scuttle along rains edge, drive into the storm
so the back window remains dry,
as if winter was a time of drought,
waiting for the heat from below to inhale its thirst away, exhaling every pore open wide
eager to spit out their mineral seeds, to build the wall to keep out winter,
to drive up the vine
that forgot how to stop, blackberries cracking through the road
like a sandwich too moist and active for the bread attempting to raft it into the digestive cavity
burning the flesh to release the meat,
paring off the fungal invaders to reclaim this territory
in transition
from one blemish to another,
trying to string together a pattern visible when falling from the clouds
where no one has set foot or felt the myriad life forms
inhaling wind and exhaling moisture, synthesizing the harp threads
that slash like sunlight in a dust-storm.
how i can see the rain as thread, as i see cars as smears
encircling us with their roar, daring me to crawl across the interstate like a 6-foot raindrop
the wind is pushing over the edge into mechanical territory
so water must specialize, optimize, break itself down and reconfigure,
a NEW & IMPROVED water
like a copyrighted blood you thought was yours, the dreams ive worn thin
falling through them every night, always late or lost, gathering up all the pies
but waking before anything touches my mouth,
threads woven into cables
to carry all light selectively, to remove rain from the equation
whether its dust or mud out there, whether the earth is a fragile cliff i might step through
doesnt matter if im plugged in,
in transition
stories telling me to listen,
when rain tries to go back up,
treating the earth like a trampoline; when the frog from hibernation
springs directly into a birds egg dangling from the wispiest, heaviest cloud, the most curious cloud
seeing its reflection in the sparkling dust of cars returning to ore--- only the plastic has no home
to go back to while the gasoline sleeps, dreaming of fern jungles and masses of protoplasm
wrapped in bones and momentum
caroming through hunger, through ice, through a galaxy wide audience come to see the show
revised for each language, each way of experiencing the possible.
as in a land of only potatoes imagination can be king
rubbing the skin til we can see the goddess

how with enough starch and several chemistry books i can make a world
as complicated as it is bloodless, trusting that the rain and the earth have not been edited,
are not holding back parts of the symphony i never noticed
or by the time i do
the song is so popular no one will believe whats been extrscted from it.
the song travels with us
like a pigeon who eats only maps and has an invisible doppelganger hovering within
like a molting angel losing its feathers to the malls inside the clouds
i will never be that rich, to shop with the birds, to barter with precipitation---
i drink from the public trough, drink the hostages the mountain releases in spring
and i'll pay the sun back in winter by how i let the coldest wind frisk every part of my body
and come away with no news of heat or light,
in transition
in a rain of drop-sized buildings and vehicles,
praying for the magic moment when hundreds of rain drops line up as complex optics
so i can make out the faces in the clouds, faces of those ive eaten,
those whove eaten me, the faces i could buy
if i could go up to the stores
in places im unable to breathe
even if i could carry enough rain inside my wallet,
a credit card good for kilos of topsoil, writing a check with a hundred compressed worms
sent up to heal the gaps in our atmospheric blanket--a millimeter thin sheath of music
so wonderful you dare not step through it and miss a note

Following Several

morning starts with clouds clouds start with indigestion
more than a body could handle, letting traffic trickle out the pores
as i exhale through countless mouths & theres no wind to take away
the atmosphere building around me, a cloud of gnats
hard as meteors burning up before they can touch me

the way rain
when youre slender & smooth, water too gregarious to start carving
from eros to erosion

as if the moon loves the earth, a long married couples love
reborn each month, rediscovering that synergistic spark
so simple & rare we're too overwhelmed to build on it

but not you
flowing too freely for excess clues, born w/ smooth rocks & excellent drainage
a terrain created by magnetic hummingbirds & earthworms, rivulets of fungi & lichen

to break it down
set the beat of interlaced hearts—the worms peristaltic circulation
the hummingbird too fast to get through

ear drum like a condom,
tiny rube goldberg bones

When spiders evolve into percussionists

we'll need several pumps to roll between speakers—
a heart inside the brain a heart near the groin
the heart in my throat still searching for its frequency, relaxing into amplitude
as sine waves are cartoons used like barbed wire
as if her walking was just 2 things in motion

how the muscles domino & echo,
how the neck is never still but rarely moves,
like a dervish lake, a quickly spinning person-sized amoeba
occasionally transparent often missing in places

not walk with a purpose but as a process
these bodies are for moving, both external & in

like a planet turned inside out so the sun is in the center,
is a window/doorway, almost sizeless

to focus by forgetting, by peeling the bark that grows on the inside, the encroaching rings
trying to fill the potential of void at my core
the thinnest segment askewing any nearby gyroscope or compass
any thou shalt

in case of emergency break
if i could walk like that i'd always be on time

Millenium Wind

the wind of a new millenium
a clear millenium, a cleansing millenium
when we finally get to the corner and see whats been coming at us--
“meet me donwtown beneath the falling safe”

or you get up and the dreams of moving through air thick as gravy
were caused by the 12 cats sleeping on you, capturing gravity, channeling it
through your blankets--- all the cats you forgot to feed,
all the churches kept boxless and mouse-friendly

we over circulate,
like this wind wont stop til the 31st, til the last day of the next to last year
whatever you call the numbers
if enough people think the time is right,
the clocks fall open,

fall on their faces:
squandered minutes, wasted days, hours passing faster than a bullet-train nap--
i woke up in a country i wasn't allowed to leave.

like next year will be 1900, but the computers will battle mightily to prevent a future that might not include them

numbers like a crowbar to get leverage, to topple the illusion
coz enough of us think so coz enough of us have doubts rhythms;
like if 10% of a city's population fell asleep at the same time
like taking a turn too fast in a highway you run each day, from shore to shore
rarely making log entries nor following the rules about rest and speed

(2)

what winds can do.

how much they can carry

i ride the wind, i turn the wind into dollars

like a gull turning sharply against the wind

as if it's a sheet to seamlessly cut through

when force becomes the constant, standing still is effortless resistance

bend just enough like the masses

you don't impression the wall sparkling with lenses--

whos not going along who must get off the train early,

in a more openly predatory part of town.

cant we just be civilized about our vampirism

the millenium makes it so

casts a trumpeting light--

so shake the shit off your shoulders & get ready for the new work week

(3)

the millenium makes it snow, a slow accumulation of irrelevant data, all these lives
you never could have been-- going where you always go,
even though the ends may shift,

im now across the border without knowing it, smuggled into limbo,
the lines redrawn while trying to find two matching snowflakes, flowsnakes,
as each of us is an individual, as each of us is classifiable, pegged—

you get over the mountains and theres a new wide valley of trees and grassland
a lot like the last two but completely different, depending what the weather does,
depending who got here before we did, whether any poisonous plants here look like edible ones back home

the earth howls and we have to listen
long term rhythms trying to teach us their importance
to draw a line and cross it, to raise that line into the sky, open that line into a wall into a room
with a door at the back end, on the top side,
its not a cube but a spiral, not a spiral but dna,
a million ways to say go for it, love to live, blossom and die

or maybe a sudden trumpet, enough waking up at the same moment, wedging out the media with meaning

the wind-chills only around 30 so walking bare-chested, running into the wind, looking for a ridge
to spread my wings and leap--- once i get around to building the wings, reading articles
in popular science, places you can buy wings for thousands of dollars
not using your own flesh for canvas, borrowing from insects, becoming
not an individual but a flexible community

its so hard to reshape something held together by billions of elastics
the quality of elastic can be strained, , theres so many ways to stretch,
even metals like to relax now and again
tho with so little room to maneuver, no way to rebuild the wall i slept through

(4)

a millennium to swim through, monsoon through,
lost in this fog,
like constant sedation, running on rails,
a fly on the wall of the tea train zipping past more miles than people,
even the animals gather at the train stops for tea,
to revise the common style, how things that never touch can so change each other
an echo a hologram molecule thin circuitry around my wrist across my eyes.
i havent given up my spine yet, still a neural virgin,
not the way to evolve,
electric metal of mistranslated light

take me from the wind, take me away from unmonitored flesh
you never know what can happen, meeting strangers, opening your coat,
remembering the ankle bracelet and the house trained to follow, like a shape shifting dog
trailing or haunting or recording,

in my memory i run over the rooftops during eclipses---
when earth is in the middle, when the light of the mighty
is blocked by the organized few, the refugees who never left, who would not be dispossessed
or disconnected from their local earth, their land line, where every call is a local call

In the Cold Distance

on the way out into the distance of riders approaching the abandoned city
tattooed on an annually decreasing gut
overpopulated with what hairy porcupines failing to inflate
if the spines grow in, if the hairs get minds of their own, got birds in their pockets
with tinier pianos for belt buckles flying loose on the billboard strum

not things falling on us, not a sudden mile wide crater--
it's the flower in the mouth;
it's the tumor having seven generations before you turn around
leaving detailed instructions for chess played across hundreds of acres

silos with grain, silos with missiles, hollow metal penises
dripping data between the toes, data wired into the brain changing the program we havent yet mastered

because i can get the dog to jump through a hoop means i can breed a better beagle
covered with living leather poured onto our heads like a shampoo rain that smells different to every body:
smells from the future, smells from childhood, a smell that puts me to sleep for several weeks
and thinks my lung is a chrysalis something needs to grow out of--
as if butterfly wings could lift my 100 kilos
if the control tower would give me clearance, if all us other butterflies trying to find the best trees
to defoliate, the trees goats hadnt gotten to yet, the trees not ready to burn for dinner

then the gasoline, the insurance, the planned obsolescence,
the smoldering lakes of forgotten tires
clambering across the vines of downed power lines
keep pumping whirling splitting whatever it takes to light up the night,
to keep away the demons under the beds built over waste dumps or graves or forests
cleared as casually as a shaved chin, bald as a statement of defiance or age,
bald as part of the treatment,,

to eclipse the sun with chromium headlights stapled to my ribcage
as im trying to grow multiple breasts to suckle the personalities i expect to burst from
some off shore womb that's cloning some gradschool drop-outs boilerplate
coz i cant afford the custom job—I get my dreams at costco, i get em in a 5 gallon bucket,
salted down in a hollowed stump that can also hold umbrellas, dozens of umbrellas
coz the rains not kind to their impermeable material
shielding me from the sun in a way the atmosphere no longer can.

my new business is taking the technology for repainting cars and using it to give people new skin,
skin with choices,
coz breathings not safe unless you get it from the tank on your back--
spending all day putting cockroaches through the food processor, gently,
so the edges are sharp enough to imbed,
building a mosaic from wings pulled off sleeping flies

coz i cant use paint, cant risk my lungs exposed to anything inside this city,
with my hair turned into a net work;
like cybernetic bricklayers we keep out the shadows
we welcome the lonely liars, those willing to wipe our disks
and fill our stomachs with 1 part flour 10 parts air 3 parts recycled auto scraps whirling inside my eye
like a snowglobe from medieval england
when winter was 10 months long and summer was the only time we could sleep, sliding intact
through the proboscis of this hill about to launch itself across the black ocean of history,
the simmering red puddles of internal rain
coz i only turn over every three days, trying to escape the sleep of death, the death of sleep,

theres so much in this wind our skins want to know about:

a simple time of free sun, sun that didn't hurt us,
though from looking at the cities, how they tried to shut the sun out, how we had to grow our buildings up
so we couldn't see the sky,

we travel faster and closer together than the engineers say, how traffic regularly clogs

with some chain reaction hallucination, coz you thought you saw my foot turn red as sunset in a pool of tomato juice
or is that v8, or was it ever on a vine: when the juice can be dug directly from where weve tilled and toiled,
sprayed and prayed, run over again and again.

instead of a car i drive a starling, instead of a job
i generate ideas i cant re-remember: im plugged in, tapped out, en-netted for some satellite fed reruns
in the stocking markets plummet and roller coaster:

let the buyer kiss their plastic goodbye,
one number is all i need, parting the sea of red ink as if we could breathe with plastic straws in our mouth
defying the laws of pressure and proximity i breathe in and sweat out, lungs so far beyond the warranty
that should have been mailed to me but i cant afford the service—
its cash before they answer the phone.

i wake up in a storm.

i go to sleep in pieces:

some numb, some wired, aloft in the light of a banished moon, a moon blushing with exhaustion,
working its way through increasing density,
mooning my dreams, padded against exposure:

sunblock, blue blockers, blood blockers,
half an hour of cardiac reality 3 times a week, cars with treadmills built in,

the race is rain, mixed race, year long marathons—

i want to watch the survivors, convicts building their own prison on the moon, in an asteroid
we've dragged within spitting distance makes the surfers go apehsit, makes beach front property
a delicate windshield, hand blown crystal thrown in concentric circles to spiral like an oryx horn
ground into tea and spat across the acne of a high school gymnasium

where we're breeding and feeding, brand name tattoos, partially hydrogenated aftershave
making the exposed legs glow in the fluorescence encircling the schools like rapid transit,
extending beyond our clothes that have to stretch around the workweek--

im so different when im wearing this, when im wearing nothing

im illegal, shot full of holes like a cereal that never touched soil, scripture beneath a truck,
anorexics seeking the truth within their bodies, dissolving all society has put into them,
bingeing & purging, yinging and yanging,
getting so tight you must expand, a nations conversations compressed into a laser beam—
who dares to cross that line? mother may i? officer give me another chance
i'll wear whatever you say, stay within whatever distance,

i wont even think of her/him/that neighborhood i targeted with stolen legal mortars;
my posse has been franchised, electroshocked, and given their own leashes.

i only steal so i can buy more, so i can live like the tv says.

if i could afford my own house the people in neighboring apartments wouldn't complain about
how i throw myself against the walls and floors, how i scream to purge, how i binge with 300 channels,

the walls come tumbling down,
this house of credit cards, imprisoned by bar codes, a city too sprawled to escape from, county lines
no longer necessary as the police are a national monopoly, one happy jurisdiction,
the wind, tides and sun all shackled to our metered needs.

3 Streets to the Wind

1)

my body big enough to block traffic, to corrupt traffic
this street like a thread between my legs--
im leaking a river, a gash of light

i want to take the city in
but so much of it is hard, overpackaged,
contents have unsettled during shipment, the list of ingredients is missing or untrue—

like a river on 4 wheels
2 bones in the sky
phosphorescent pontoons a ¼ mile long
skiing into another layer of development

we will liberate things that didn't know they were being held captive,
kept hidden by data fog & bad diets—
so much information we don't know what to do with
while the basic instructions lost eons ago

if we take the asphalt away
will the soil remember?
can we start a new ecology with non-native species
& weather patterns mutated by progress?

2)

if the streets a sausage balloon

streets sewn together to make a jacket or a skirt

unzipping a belt to make a coat or a street;
inside the cigarette packs a space blanket
acting as temporary skin, temporary armor,
coz this world aint mine, doesn't have central heat, a wheel i can turn
to make a world i can live in, a room for a world, room to space out the planet, interfacing with beds:
a bed of nails, raised bed for vegetables, loft bed for studios,
the loft protects by trapping air, a feather no bird ever wore, as the polar bear so hollow so fat
protected by combustion

protected from collision/collusion/co-illusion, by fortified vacuum
to protect our right to be totally vacant;
eyes that never see beyond a hundred feet
living all day in a body in a cloud zipped into a belt trying to cross the street:
those arent cars coming toward me
those are days full of fragments, hours behind a screen,
electrons set to stun, image like warm milk
soon as it makes contact with your mouth the glass is empty
and the chalky traffic flowing from the stomachs hub--
the change in temperature, the blinding protein light, calcium opening the bones doors
with corpuscles lined up like taxis at an airport

streets as seams—peel along the dotted line—to open whats been percolating
like the future, like dutch villages in abandoned subway tunnels, graveyards
of multi-limbed natives & 10 foot tall quadrupends who ate trees and shat aluminum

butter street, straw street
streets that shatter neighborhoods, asphalt scabs, cobblestones up a steep hill
like a spine of 10,000 vertebrae
each with their own nerve hookups like satellite channels
that pull random space debris and magnetize the situation ethicomedies of
skinny butts on artificial couches in rooms with three walls and 17 suns
where nothing is done just once where no one goes home together
folding into sleek trailers deflated at night
into the hungry vacuum
pumping the air out of streets
so the night flanks speed across the empty bones

if we let the night get dark what would all that electricity do with itself?

3)

my body big enough to block traffic, 20 stories high but
the molecules i have normally spread with 4,000 times the space between
each of my sublets, my subtle cell walls,
my jails without bars, bars without cash registers
flow across the barriers to inebriation: we're all driving under so many influences,
we're walking without christ, we're baptized in the flame of 69 cent butane, disposable grace

when everything is open 24 hours a day how do you know when the new day starts:
when the news comes on at 5 am, 630 am, on the hour, every 15 minutes,
traffic checks between heartbeats, a systolic clog on the inbound intracostal,
membrane development leaking like a white house aide

dredging just a thousandth of a percent of the credit of everyone driving between my spread out legs
like the st louis archway, like a golden buttered easily broken smile saying
over 1 billion procreated, over 10 billion dead
before they grasped the concept, washed in the foam of the cloned lamb, bathed in recycled flushwater,
gently perfumed in a non copyrightable scent
subliminally imprinted.

when youre over a day old before they let you touch your mother,
when it can be months before your skin touches the earth.
don't play in the street--that's church;
we don't go to church, we watch it from the satellite
at the top of my spine winking erratically
til my nerves disconnect in spasms, opened like a moneybelt,
a compressed 1 inch cube of spandex that can smother an entire mormon family

what do you know about nothing , how much indigestible needed
to change what your body can use, to use what your body cant change

as the walls of the path keep fluxing the cat stays parallel , cat black as the street, gray as exhaustion
when things have been running over you all day
customers in their cars, cars with more money than you

from space you cant see asphalt;
with my face pressed against asphalt i spread along the curve of the earth
in this body they cant hurt with their tires, with the mass of commuting
like a 30 mile elastic tether line
weaving through the mass transit, the unswimmable carpools, the tunnels into our arms
to meter the ramp flow into central cerebral city
so the air becomes thick with streets
strung from towers to bounce and reinforce the molecular asphalt
shaking loose our cells, stealing our frequencies, the width of the band constricting the neck
like a piano wire tie, a scarf stealing color from your skin, a street that sluices all the rainwater,
all the sweat, everything not attached, flowing down the middle of the street, sinking into the lips
stretched within the median, a barrier you could fall into,
digested by the street, entering the street like swimming through a library
with no space between shelves, shelves made of books,
books made of captured time,
as asphalt is, soil is

Chasm

defiant smoking chasm dripping the boinks of water falling into steel bowls unencumbered by
soft rubber mallet heads swinging on invisible lines attached to i don't know
as my own orbit, as our tendrils, the web of movement in time-elapse memory,
peeling away all the background vinyl, canvas, scrims of recycled breakfast food:

why arent any insects trapped---theres so much light and moisture there must be insects, winged protein,
protein growing through our shoes, asking us to walk elsewhere, to leave their territory
but my habit-compass has been blanked, like the memory of crashing through forest so thick
my body had to split into slivers, some parts reforming and splitting again, shuffling the deck of vertical,
seeing a cat scan through a telescope, as if the stars are one glittering city spread apart by our distance, our scale:

how a skyscraper is different than a mountain to an ant,
if both had the same surroundings, if abandoned cities could become new national parks
open for recreation, made more complex with tunnels & the lack of maintenance,
the unexplainable ability of old office buildings to jump off their foundations and leap sideways, usually toward water

how the room i sit in every day is a chasm flicking and flickering between centuries, seasons and channels
i keep hoping to land somewhere happy & productive, somewhere attuned,
that i can get to without effort or entering the rooms where change is
secret, tabulated and dispensed, the market value of positive thinking, blessed with prosperity

i walk for 3 days
and don't leave the forest, maybe im walking in circles but im getting smaller and furrier, the trees don't split me,
smell-memories whirl through the spaces i could have been

as the chasm has burnt and risen
like bread that must be charred to capture wheats spectrum, the full message spread through the body and its satellites,
pinging information from knees to scapula, from toe asteroids to heart sun, lung nebula:
where is the luminescence inside us, where enters light when the skin is intact?

chasm painted in a wall, regular blocks of slowly evolving houses...
house like a warm roll in your hand ready to split and butter, a pat of butter big as an end table
made from hundreds of yellow-pages with soft covers so you can burrow inside with drills and optical fibers
to read between the pages and products--escort services bleeding into churches, clutches of information
stripped like ticker tape falling into wall street chasms, like thinner than hair instructions
falling into open wounds:

i make the cut so i can know, my will power tides the blood
back into arterials, hungry for new information, for another way to dance through time
coz oxygen has had so many partners, broken down worlds and retranslated them, our oxy-genes, our corpuscles bursting
like napalm, an all-consuming inner light, like a positive cancer, organized for a higher function

if only i can climb these miles of soft crumbling rock, rock cresting over me like a frozen tidal wave
while the flute of the wind

while the yearning of the nearly dry river below me
a chasm of redolent mud 20,000 years smart
says why climb, its all tourists at the top, its clear-cut and condominimized

exert your own center of
channel links, channel locks, channel cats
the librarians of transition, the ones opening up the door in the river
shielding from smoke a star map from somewhere to somewhere
as 2 histories overlap, as cracks in the thirsty ceiling
the undulating plain of white sheets in body temperature water
merging a forest with a caribbean island, a place of lighter gravity
staring up at the dark chasm of dilutely tempestuous sky
like a multidimensional stalactite bristling with worm tunnels, with fully ornamented corridors
transforming whatever passes through them
tickling the chasms throat

Lay it down Light it up Turn it over

standing on a quarter acre spot light stealing electricity from our brains
with vampire satellites, mesmerizing traffic patterns—
the minutes and breaths hijacked while we're swamped in traffic, sardined in buses—
can we remember whose body we started with, turning mom inside out, grammy in the side pocket,
someone slipped some sperm in my drink,
someone made this hair into an umbrella blocking the sun and sending its energy to the bank

take it over, throw it on, flip it til it oozes
like rice march unending sea of capital, prairies yet to be developed,
reiterate the plague of anti-goddesses flood across the future dust of vegetation and hungry kitties

let it go give it up,
five chest pumps five chest pumps three breaths
clean the air passage decide which heart to restart which eyes to electrify the coins on,
as we are reborn in aluminum,
recycled like logs, like christmas ground into pressboard into homes sinking before theyre built
to give the earth something to chew on, someone to smoke
for only 10 cents a day hear only my voice the face of an image
awash in traffic from the mega factory we spew between shifts,
slipping into the others sheets, a room with dual lives,
makes me shatter slimmer vibrating a way you cant watch long
fed only biscuits pH balanced at zero
so nothing eats away, nothing builds a charge but accumulates debt—
a county line stitched across my thigh
drawing from every direction but the masters

cant you see im busy.
don't you know I have everyones best interest in mind
as structure requires levels and slopes to survive
the wild chaos of person to person
when just a bigger body

when just a richer granddad
carries the fat man on our backs, on our sanitized sweat,
each drop turned into pennies from sweatshops
don't you know each cloud contains
unanswered questions

we only have 2 senses left—hunger and dread
wanting to eat more since we cant eat other--weve lost the stomach for it
weve lost the vision of cowherds.
as rich as cotton as ready as spring simple as water that doesn't have a source
except the sky I can reach up and hang onto, letting go before im abducted, trying to land
on whats been altered to mirror in the kitchen sink
a space im trying to bifurcate

i crab walk the river surface
plucking oiled lights to stain my crusty skin, to suffocate ambition
or mollify with sacred exhaust
but everythings so level here and i cant afford enough weights
to tire me out, to pull me through the riutalized surface
we want the moon to be our 4th world, our recycled america,
our russia rebuilt to cannibalize, china grown to shop

when we cant buy them anymore

a billion fingers on virtual triggers

a thousand species leap, evolving from the scrap tanks, the wrong turns

with no anthem to guide them

no bidpedality to drive the cadence—

no bridge we can bring down together

light up tune in direct deposit

Out of History

(for Howard Zinn & Steve Erickson)

thomas jefferson bursts into flames-- american history:
rich liberal marijuana-growing slave owners who say no land no vote.
the subtle infiltrations of tom edison, computer lubricant, environments arising from disconsensus--

the city; the fucking city:
how we get from a wringerless/ automatic washing machine
to a 1980's american city,, from this city to a hole in the ozone layer
big as everyone living in newyork smashed flat and sewn into a quilt:
in terms of space, in terms of the squeezing,
the potential energy resident in people--
leeches out of , partitioned/ denied in them--
first wriggles sideways, absorbed distracted rumbling,
eventually the overall changes course, in a 16 or more dimensional way,
how a dog losing her leg in pakistan creates a tornado in the white house,
a wonderland of microbial flora, cities of 30,000 hidden for 25 centuries,
their stories tucked inside the pockets of cellular cloaks
returning as dust, trees returning as termites, rain levelling streams
as veins whisper into bones now accessible for root hairs

god brings us cheap wine pizza crusts
and chocolate bars half-melted and reformed when summer wrists
slice open to sprout after rain's unexpected orgasm
alkaloids dawning across centuries of unrecognized infections
wrapped so tight the molecules can't think of the light they've never seen
nor taste the moisture memories might contain, busy transporting/
teleconnecting this obligatory machinery of body
antithesizing gravity for the illusion of range, view of coming threats.
the story of a map,
a flattened and digitized brain
takes its dimensions elsewhere.

we wish the bacteria could talk or change our credit history,
seven generations of intestinal debt, big hair, more hair than skin,
drains that won't clog, a river not at peace with itself,
a cross-dressing city-- from aluminum siding to barnwood,
prestressed concrete and heavy water, poly-organic mysteries
sneaking into the warm voids of undocumented hunger, buildings merged
with rain and wind, neighborhoods the sun has redlined:
these micro-urban brainscans resonating like milewide pointillism
where the paint as newborns reaches for anything, is all mouth, all questions,
keeps up a multi-syllabic mantra refusing to repeat, nipplelike stupa
tall as man-candles melted down to the scapular.

how 200 years ago the euro-americans had bodies unlike ours:
multifaceted hips, three eyes. no one knows. clothes, as always,
are more deception than clue-- why else wear.
you're not cold, you don't need exercise,
not too self conscious or vain to sink thru the shine of our vehicles,
in the blue flow defining oxygen with moving night walls denying our sleep,
bringing the dream state to waking topology, resting while still functional;
i can't drive like this but why should i have to.

i'd be lost without interruptions:
a sea of imaginative facts, termina of desire,
free commerical implants and shopping carts to the homeless
dredging/ re-dredging the bottomless trash cans
sampling from the city's unknown niches, the complex functionality
of what cannot be reduced.
understanding the gap tween raw material and end product
is such an elision of 'technological development`
no mind could bear the protein deep hypocrisy
no spine could escape unfused, shorted into reflexive drones
of handicapped light, light swirling like coriolis forces
from the magnetic ends of weather our parents set in motion
demon trichina shotgunned thru our brain cells
creating enzymic weather we blame everything on,
radiation our homes exposed to, the sun's corrosive angle,
trace elements from soil and water making natives more or less appropriate:

none of my genes was here 100 years ago.
if anyone asked what country they were
'midst potatoes cow hay rock winged salt
furrowing the hair between their spines, always looking both ways
my body is a border hoping/fearing for traffic
along the neural net.

setting foot on the undeveloped fungal flesh lining my chest cavity,
tender flesh intimate with the folklore of ribs, kidney, pancreas,
awed by the cometic winds of blood so fast, so unattainable,
we'll get there someday,
fasting training doing penance,
beating our clothes our flesh against porous rocks ,
rocks whose voices we cant hear over the slaps of our wet jeans,
clamor of bruises over bruises,
pick the filet from a thigh, replace ribs with chitin.
we could dance like trackstar fish in some media of matter and gravity
we haven't discovered if we could survive
in what clothes would let us move.
as typewriter keys were scrambled
so our abilities wouldn't overwhelm the machines
our bodies are hobbled to protect societal hierarchies,
to stifle an evolution to forms surgery dare not dream:
no flat sides no sharp edges
belts that break easily pumps that run forever
filters and pipes always problems maintaining the flow--

water needs to be inspired, would resist if snapped out of the rhythm
and camaraderie, rainbow of forms and weather it is intimate with,
victim and victor
i come and i see, i conquer and get lost,
chemistry led astray through the river and into the wood,
making holes in my face as beauty marks
exposing the galaxies there--

that much swirling light
demands an eye inside bone, bones with multiple hungers,
metal that wags like a tail, temperature that so wants to please us.
i want to be clean in no time without color fading
and outdoor freshness impregnated in my underutilized neurons,
gesticulating lianas encumber the wind without applying skin
that separates, an undifferentiated sine-noose
not threatening but modeling
an unrestrained magical process--
removing the fat, adoring the muscle.

muscles with desires of their own, mind steeped in heart,
liver so subtly plotting influencing
the filter of contents & exclusions.
mirror edited by how many layers of faded supposings,
what's unable to wiggle through the educational safety net;
when only the priests could read and write, felling myths
with pummeled trees, swamps shedding their own skins--
a place no tide will touch nor moon so unreadable and panlinguistic
you know what it means just by looking at it,
knowledge you can access so little of:

we tap some of the energy but almost none of the focus
strength vs. weight, hope vs. disappointment,
the rains must come at the right time, places the musical score
spreads its multiple stomachs, its staging grounds of harmony and parts;
how each instrument touches other realms, suggests unnamed continents,
a border the map won't let me draw

as vitamin C tries to convince people to plant orange groves,
as television loves being watched
trees want to return
to dwarfing men, to cracking the silence with a black rip
through time and flesh, so busy for so long,
wondering who betrayed the west:
buffalo unable to see beyond prairie, national network of dogs
certain they're on the wrong planet, the wrong speed--

A babe comes out of the womb reciting Song of Myself
smelling of kerosene drought and sparrows horse-hooved into mud;
a kitten crawls onto my computer and begins multi-tasking the internet
with a symphonic dexterity i suspect implants or some future self
warped through the drain, karma dancing spastically
to a spike a time when 2 plus 2 approaches 5; when the salt writhes around my finger,
grasping the hem of the cloak
of the washing machine around the metaphor of my spine
can no longer contain its trans-speciel choruses, its floorplan of
multiple highways unhindered by the near death unity's blinding white.

not that i was a dog a couple lives ago but i am a dog in the 19th century.
4 billion people today means the spirits of streams, meadows and ocean currents
are trapped in flesh, muted by brain's inability
to tap the spine's timal resources:

our skulls are packed too tight,
the pain of hairs disciplined for mirrors won't let the brain writhe
through the multiple partitions of its origamic storage---
paper holds water; water rusts sword; swords signs flesh

i can't remember if i'm a mountain reborn as a man
or 200 pounds of minerals scooped from a bag of everything
waiting to create the universe when something other than my shadow
casts a black stripe across the void's tail,
a tiny place the darkness experiences uncertainty,
the phone is ringing but i think it's the wind.
the words of the constitution keep wiggling as if needing to speak
to relieve itself of misinterpretation:

we celebrate columbus day
the desire to claim this land for life an ocean away from old money
on the edge of unlimited real estate no one owned,
from sea to paved over sea,
oceans stitched with jets and fiberoptic cables.

we turned the trees into houses and fires, we turned the trees into houses and fires,
the fires turned the forests into cropland, where the trees couldn't go the cattle ran,
where the houses couldn't go. where the natives couldn't go.
oceans say stop. mountains say nothing. lakes and rivers say "cross me. jump me,
flow along my spine" so no one looks
at the monocolor richness time leaves, rain leaves us--

time is rain,
we cry to remember time, we use umbrellas like armor, we use houses
like photographs of 'the good times,' extracting heroes and angels,
looking across the canyon but not down,'
marveling at all the leaves do for the trees,
at what all our human enterprise and genius does to make life better.

when we're not using our brains to kill,
when we're not using our brains to spread genetic materials,
when the shredding conundrum of death,
the pattern of so much misdirected energy in societal general
leaks out through individuals as art,
leaks out micro-personal in abuse in murder
leaks out--like jed clampetts oil--in enforced poverty,
a country that incorporated to suppress local control
a country that rebelled so our own leaders could
take our land water air & money:

:
one more step, partner, and you're history

Future) out of (Focus

my skin tries to rise like steam from the bone
as if i moved so quickly i couldn't recover the nerves between
before they return as a living telegram deprived of solar power
sinks into its message like a giants footprint in an acre wide parking lot
flashed from low altitude with mile-wide nuclear blinkers,
anomalous explosions trading heat for molecular samples
land in whose pocket,
a self-breeding lump of Teflon gum
squishing but not holding onto, trying to escape but unable to discohere
to be other than whole
tuned to intermittent bursts unable to make a language up from the random encoding
as waves come in cycles of seven
if you can count waves
if you can count cycles
the way stars work their way behind you
in less than a breath
like a hand i want on the back of my neck, a hand that could be an animal:
warm-blooded surprisingly strong
able to control whether it has friction or not
so many places to move from and to, places to push against, push into,
kneaded to raise, to transform protein, ferment sugar,
grow from genetic code to fulfill a destiny of digestion,
taking in and spitting out, chewing up as fuel
or scenery
spaded under
talking/merging with its comrades in process
what bubbles up from
the organic turmoil of small engines
driving around
what cant explode
without thousands of years
to distill time into heat; a stomach that could break down fossils
aging in reverse the wine into a grape seed
reverses into a grape in a birds stomach
into an egg in a sperm falling in a rain storm when so many of us had our mouths open
in this video encrusted desert, the program stuck with Lawrence of Arabia denuding vietnam
while surfing in a shiny black convertible where all the river creatures in spandex dance like mayan seducers
to draw me into the calligraphy too fast to read the flaking skin that rubs or gets glued to.
like a jellyfish facial
spits me out with an accent
i wont know
how others smell my seasoning
with a barrel of herbs, one spoonful a day
im turned upside down in my lungs the inside of a space station
rotating to the outside separating black from heat, void from substance
as if any barrier we didn't make
permeable as a frozen mountain
breathing ice into its pores
to crack a fresh young face
like millennial acne pockmarking the streets to reverse the whole up into the steel belted clouds
rumbling over regular as heart attacks
with incipient defense with markets schmoozing both sides of the conflict

as any dimensional container needs a spout to contain a surface
whose edges flow behind the walls put up or accreted
as the wind is zero sum, like rain and eating

but to unsubtract
from egg shell to flower;
if i could make gloves out of myself, hat hovering tween hair and angry precipitation
falls only a couple feet, chunky as pea gravel
releasing on impact
a menu of odors or orders,
a menu of ardor---

what id love to stick my nose into
arcing like a dimensional cardioid, a continuum of music and ear---
smell as a time machine, memory like a newly laminated skin
where we eat clothes, savor them;
where we keep carrots as pets and confessors;
where computers are hands neuronated together cupped to freeze the information
so one spoonful a day
melting into the center of the skull, the beginning of the mind
furling from so many roots trying to get food from legs, pancreas, ruminant bones
humming out structure
singing three or four tones as we munch against the hillside at 50 days per second chance
to re-map a non-endangered candor

words come so slowly stripped of syntax & notation
made on the spot
coz a moment was forgotten was seen in its purity:

if i take a cubic millimeter of your tongue; if i can tap four nerves in your left eye,
be one of the bats hanging inside your ear canal, in my ear canal
a river i'll never forget

swimming upside down in
how long i can stay without my feet breaking contact, bridging a circuit of knowing im here
to be let go of to be let go by millions to have millions to savor releasing
as each brilliant hand shaking flutters by
like parties in condominiums
when everyone's away but the chemistry satellite
in a seldom seen flanking maneuver
puts 17 movies into the room my body used to be---
will take weeks before anyone can live here
then be knocking on so many windows
quadra-paned into aquariums
with translucent bodies--

these angels ive imagined in my bloodstream
smiling the cholesterol into minimum wage necessity
with a bun on top and fries on the side

if life was any easier

credit cards in cereal boxes
in rooms where anything can happen
with no doors to get through

access, access, we want access
A C C _ _ _ E S S

you can get it
if you know what to want
without the distraction of curiosity and doubt
the destruction of courtesy and debt
democracy and clout

the clouds could demonstrate
inside a baby lung
channels years away from focus

but open now with 20% off anything you can carry, anything that wont try to pin you
with extra appendages undressing
coz you were trying to take that lump of buttery brain stem
attracts the rain bubbling with the microwaves embody chaos we can easily digest
if we have several hearts
to network additional arms and tendrils
wheel us through the smooth-sided routine
so every muscle is equally bruised
to sheen under black velvet light velvet black fungus that's fast as a lapdog
when the ceiling speaks in tongues of blossoming methane
pennies that weigh 10 tons land on how many rooftops

or the floors spontaneously rise
like a neighborhood moist and ready
to welcome the earth becoming the sky,

the sky we walk on with feet like extended tennis rackets
nurturing the clouds changing colors with what they grow,
as worms eat birds wading in the light blue soil
reflects the tears of the sun at the center of our history
here where the sea bottom became a forest to pave over

i Slip, i Fall

i slip, i fall,
something's inserted between layers of my skin transforms me from the upside
in rings of pineapple smoke, sinking as i wake as i age & wear away
what can i wear that wont abrade air
as i accelerate air wants to go thru me frictionless as smoke, dry smoke
absorbing or trading, smoke with internal mechanisms:
slanted smoke imparts a message, plants seeds;
the smoke i run thru, industrial smoke, smoke burning the past, rearranging,
to release the heat of memory
implanted by the running thru running down running into
digging up and over
since theres so many more of us trying to know what the few did
watered down:
water not a pure spread, water that changes like smoke, smoke in the water,
water pipes, pipes with messages and agendas,
the agenda of lead, lead keeping out radiation to add what, to hold those alpha particles for later,
seeding like alphalfa, all these wild grasses, all these grains returning whats in the soil to our bodies
returned to the soil added by all these rocks falling from space, what falls without burring,
as the atmosphere thrown up by the plants growing in what had fallen before it cooled like billion year old soup
you are what eats you, eating me away,
these fears of smoke of lead of cancer,
fear of returning to the earth so i could run faster and faster
as my mass increases as i try to be light i get so heavier
i get serious i get real as the earth running alongside myself
to cover my rear, taking up the point, so aerodynamic nothing can touch me,
as if i could have skin that good, that expensive, stealth technology
stolen from the skins of what weve never seen but know is out there or in here, in the caverns of the brain
cant stop running, plugged into so many channels,
to concave my skull into a dish, dish shielded by the rain,
my silicon hat, my solar panel ears,
just enough power to hear everything, each hair a wire to a chip that can translate and interconnect, pass on
to the place that can eat this, this rain of information
fallen through the electromagnetic mists so a little of something else clings,
maybe just changing one vowel, just altering an accent
in a language not invented yet, changing commands out of sequence
in run time or in real time
all these runners getting away with their ears tuned else—
motivation tapes, preprogrammed radio stations
homogenize the message/beats through a network of co-ownership
you are what you hear, you are what you run through, skin planted with multiple fungi
on the wind, winding down,
it's the windup & the pitch, patches, sticky notes,,
one of millions of pieces of scotch tape bridging the seismic divide
would crack--like a ddt-ed egg--before its time a new raw protein,
stopped early to go somewhere else:
i got off at the wrong station plugged into the wrong channel
started speaking as if i was an alien and they loved me that way, 6 inches tall and 50 pounds lighter
with credit cards that sang in harmony while the merchants envision boats and college
we want another round, this rounds on the house,
house dressing, home boy, sweet homophobia,
sweet harmonicas anyone can breathe can play,
but don't inhale, this circular aroma, revolving credit, deferred payments,
don't bogart that interest,

im hanging on with all twelve toes, twelve tones, the 13th Friday
is goood and black, the way i like my smoke my mental state my handkerchiefs
so nothing shows in the night bruising my lungs
as i keep running around the world of my neighborhood wearing away the asphalt beyond repair,
the brown asphalt, the fluorescent mud from years of draining radiators
and crankcases, years of stored mysteries, partial solutions, unintended consequences

when you mix all this ingenuity with the ability to barely see beyond your nose
without correction, with amplification, with network prophylactics
so no one gets in your system as you try to crack the backdoors of institutions that only exist
like parade balloons puffed up like copyrighted icons so you don't believe
the shapes of your dreams, the beast who haunted our ancestors ancestors, haunting them
to inspire a shape beyond hunting, a sharing beyond markets,
price per share, sheer cliffs, shorn heads,
sheep following each other across the andes only capable of walking one side of a valley
always facing upwind coz the wolves no bigger than field mice, carnivorous rodents
gnawing away even the smell of meat, the heart of the matter,

what does it matter, in these mean streets, streets without meaning,
what i mean when i say, what i say when i have no idea,
what silence says if im trying to not listen, silence seeping through my skin, becoming what my skin was
as it flakes off into the sandpaper wind

since all my windows have imploded, windows suddenly half way back to the sand they were,
the creatures devolving into beaches, trying to rise from what dropped out of
the ocean got too thick too close to molecular chunkiness;
we drift below the salt, looking for that slot back to the center to melted and sneezed like pollen,
trying to create sperm from what the meteors leave us
creating eggs inside the shell that couldnt get thru the atmosphere
evolved from what our lungs let go off, what plants lungs let go of, out those molecular holes,
when sun stirs sugar, when winds create friction, when rocks are too satisfied to move

where where do i go from

where where do i go from
hear what i don't mean since i don't know, cant hear what the words mean, could mean,
slipped into your system trigger what the sounds would
like notes pitched a certain way with a certain spin
the key we're brought up in, tea steeped in to color our skins
hear so, ears pitched so
used to it used by it
used—u see
usury, charging interest creates interest in the use, the abuse, the abdominal stress,
the abominations driving away from the relief of belief

coz what we cant eat will eat us, whats not with us
will eventually catch up, catch around, seeping through,
what these pieces up to not always peaceful,
the whole is a hole, is holy, holistic,
one piece that grows into something that claims to be all
cause we have no alternative memories or measures
as if a blanket of radiation changes what the genes want to do, may have been capable of
but now cant be capped, or stopped or thrust out into the sea,
where the land ends, where something ridged higher before the years of rain the tones of steam shot up
come back down cleansing all the tiny tiny remnants that were waiting for a ride back
to where we've never been
but call it home, what home weve imagined, all these years in a lightless cell, a cell needing light
to transform sugar, needing sugar to understand rain
sideways curtain of needles hard enough to satisfy enough, overhydrating til i explode
or waddle beyond saturation

transforming cell walls into open prairies,
aqua rats nibbling up into the earth clouds
trying to suck into mud the cold dry sun, the dry ice moon exploding from the spit we hurl toward it
unable to direction with multiple arms
an octopus becomes a corolla, a blade wheel,
as if spinning could dry, as if drying could alter
what times cant make solid

like a bubble growing from my mouth to encase my head, my brain dried into several tiny seeds--
just add protein and a photon burst, juice surge, my dna
half unzipped, partially revealing, as attractive as a vacuum., as irresistible as
a just washed window we try to fly through ,

check bodies at the door, open locks with our memories,
pay the tab with genetics locked for our protection
cause if we were that skilled in this world we're born into resourceless--
genes ahead of technology, technology skirting justice,
running its hands high on fairness' thighs
but unable to mate, to achieve compatibility

without strictly enforced legal standards--
that iron hand in a silicon forest growing on the underside of a decomposing world
with thousands of tangled fuses—some already lit, some set to implode, to dissolve
if not tended, to do what happens to 3 others it shows no connections with,
proximity fuses, concrete and abstract fuses
tripped by an underload, by unsalted voltage, an herb i was never allergic to before,
time delay apprehension:

the pieces wont fall together, the arms have not yet formed to match the receptacles
when windmills blow backwards, pump jacks start feeding back into the earth
& turbines send water skyward in miles high curtains
magically vanishing into the subterranean mazes of
where cities were a thousand years ago
not noticing their rise on so many bent and burdened backs
we die on schedule, we're born for no good reason,

i keep sneezing to make a new solar system tangled like eel mating grounds
a sargasso sea of copulation in the alleged vacuum of space
where things happen too fast for measurable, for the ceremony of our limited perceptions
only prayer truly acknowledges--like a lottery ticket--the gods of coincidence
coz so much spills over into these alleys of meat, into these cosmic waste dumps
coz when youre so creative you lose interest so fast
and all those half baked ideas become someone elses haute cuisine, someones educational system
someones futuristic fashions or fascisms or food so fast youre burnt into before your teeth are done
in tiny calcium ovens in bones factory breeder reactors shooting out those corpuscle asteroids
looking for the nascent stars of infection to slam into, to engulf its resources
and neutralize the threat of change beyond the factorial, the micro economy., the need to feed
to feed the need

you see? you're hooked
the starters gun, the map of memory
in the crowd seething to pave the way with their exhaust
i follow the trail yelping all the way in the only words i know
a sonic burst that used to be language as the woods used to be cities,
as the mud used to be able to get up and dance
this change of fools
pocket change, pocket pool, run the table, in my hip pocket
like a flask of light, genie of digital bandwidth
so many ways to contact so quickly

and all we can talk about

and all we can talk about

is how we talk about

getting so many places

in so many ways

they look alike

with the subtle differences of whos there with who

coz combining two makes something new, combining three makes something free,
combining four we all abhor, combining five proves we're alive,
combining six may make something we cant stop but we don't believe in limits,
no limits the market cant appear to bend

do more better

want more more

left at the light

one number reaches me in several places
bouncing off the satellites suddenly incapacitated by dust or a prank,
incapacitated by a wave of the space we thought constant and void

its such a shattered piece of glass we're all dancing on, drumming on, thinking all our pounding does
is increase the vibe

no thought of structure

no thought of the one thing we don't want to change

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